

Gemini Childe

The Mamas and the Papas

Soft rhythms of her feet;
Soft buckskin next to my cheek
Oh, the long hair unbound tumbling down.
Musical songs without sound.
Strong magical lines over the land...
Strange mystical lines on her hands.
Twin Gemini, split in two;
Half is for me, half for you.
Gemini childe...

Gemini childe - woman grown,
Lost in a world not her own.
My midnight friend, split in two;
Half is for me, half for you.
Gemini childe
Gemini childe